

I wanna make the cut
Spoken with a severed gut
I'm tethered to a bag
I'm sitting super still
Focused on a fingernail
I polished with a tack
Oh, what a loser sound
I let out when I hit the ground
I never squeal like that
I need some respite, please
Slumber under swollen trees
Let my eyes roll back

I've been loose
Every night
Wind me tight

Like clocks on the wall
Watch as I sit and stall
Not a muscle made
Turning in my cage
Walk to the corner store
Pulling out 100 more
Get the overdraft
I work at the flower shop
Cleaning out an empty pot
Cut my hours back, well
I guess I'll walk it off
I come home to an empty talk
I bring the bed bugs back
I'm sleeping through the siege
(Ahh, ahh)
Let my eyes roll back

I've been loose
Every night
Wind me tight

Like, oh my God
Started when I was around
Three days old
Coming out so cold
'Cause it eats a lot
All of my head scum, too
Mirror on the wall
What's this coming to?